Weyler's Methods Upon His Arrival-His ed-headed Pins and His News Br -Some Spanish " Victories" and a Massa-cre-Back and Forth Across the Trochs.

From Harper's Weekly. The first thing that Gen. Weyler did, after faking possession of his apartments in the palace at Havana, was to tell what he was going to do-to establish a news bureau for the purpose of editing his own war news, and then to surround the insurgents on a big map of Cuba with little red-headed pins. Weyler at once became the editor-in-chief of Cuban war news. So jealously did he regard this position that in his first "royal" decree he put a check on correspondents by rescinding the passes granted them by his predecessor, and refusing to grant any new ones, always pointing to his news bureau as the proper place to get war news. Weyler complained that Martinez Campos had left his armies in a terrible state of disorganization, and it was going to take all his time for the present to reorganize them. He told the photographer about it, and be told his clerks, and then he appointed a general meeting of all newspaper correspondents and told them. He appointed a certain time on a certain day of each week when these corre respondents could interview him ad libitum, and he would tell what he was going to do.

Weyler soon found it a difficult task to keep ahead of American newspaper correspondents, who could remain at the Hotel Inglaterra and turn out more news in two hours than he could turn out with all his clerks in twentyfour. After a short stay at the Hotel Inglaterra, I moved to more humble quarters a Spanish boarding house, occupied chiefly by Spanish officers. Here I learned more in one week than I might have learned in a month at the Inglaterra.

In my Spanish boarding house the war assumed a different phase, and when a friendly officer told me seriously that he had only been in one severe battle since his arrival in Cuba. and that the fight lasted six hours, and that during all those six hours of lighting his column had only two men wounded one by falling off his horse, and the other by a spent builet-and that he hadn't seen a single one of the enemy, I began to think that such fight-

ing off his horse, and the other by a spent bullet—and that he hadn't seen a single one of the enemy, I began to think that such fighting must be far ahead (as an extravaging) of any of the revolutions I had ever experienced in Contral America.

Naturally I determined upon seeing some of this fighting for myself. There was Weyler's decree to steer clear of; but I soon made the discovery that my friends, the officers, seldom read the papers, and had a very vague idea of the contents of the decrees issued by their Captain-General. One morning, as an experiment, I followed one of the Havana streets into the country, and returned in time for oreakfast, without being molested in any way, although an American at the Inglaterra had been arrested for doing the same thing. Then I met a young mative who agreed to accompany me outside of the capital, and I engaged his services to keep a lookout for an interesting scene of action. He notified me of the sacking and burning of Jaruco, and we made an attempt to go there. We got as far as Regla, where we found that the engineer of the train had resigned his commission, on the pleas that he preferred starvation to being blown up with dynamite. I used my camera to advantage at Hegia, and made the discovery that to all intents and purposes it was about as good a passport as Weyler could have given me himself. Three days later I succeeded in getting to Jaruco, and saw the result of its "heroic defence" by Spanish soldiers, as edited by Weyler in his news bulletins. The result of my observations was to convince me that although Weyler might be considered a very good news editor, he was a very bad historian. I have seen towns struck by earthquakes and not look half as badly as Jaruco looked after Maceo and his rebels got through with it, and yet Weyler, in his history, col. kernandex y Ferrera had fought Maceo, pursued him, routed him, and—I have forgotten whether he killed him that time or not. However, the battlefield were according to Weyler's history, col. kernandex y Ferrera ha

way to investigate. A solidier dropped his cat blue from its resting place, and in an instant the blue was tevelled at me. The here looked as the state of a cannon, and I didn't know but as the state of a cannon, and I didn't know but as the state of t

had dared to make an attempt to investigate the reported combat.

What became of the prisoners? They were confined in the Morro for two months, while their families were begging for bread. I afterward spent thirteen days in the same cell occupied by the majority of them, and I found there prisoners who had been their companions during those two months, and they told me that the Guata, prisoners finally made up a purse of tweaty centenes (\$100 in Spanish gold), which they gave to the Read, and thus obtained their liberty.

which they gave to the Ascal, and thus obtained their liberty.

When Weyler took no the reins so ingloriously dropped by Martinez Campos, Gomez had marched all the way from the extreme seast of the island into Havana province. He then gave his best fighting men to his Lieutensat, Antonio Macco, and sent him to invade the province of Pinar del Rio. The narrowest part of the island is about where Pinar del Rio richestones. From Artemias at the south to Guanalay at the north of his narrow part is an excellent cart road, a dozen miles in length. It was thought an easy matter to fortify this sead and to keep Macco with his rebeis down

in Pinar del Rio. This was called the trocha, and when I arrived in Havana it was all the fashion to talk about the trocha, and to tell how Macco had got himself into a trap in that fashion to take about the trocha, and to tell how Macco had got himself into a trap in that and comprehend that this small end of the Island embraced a territory of some 8,000 square miles—ample room for an army much larger than the one possessed by Anonio Macco. Although the trocha scheme did not originate that the company that the company that the company that the trocha scheme did not originate that the black-headed bins along the line on his map and demonstrated conclusively to his friends that the black-headed ones could not pass them. Then he put some more pins down in Plinar del Rio to surround Macco, and then he sent out the black-headed ones could not except the woke up one morning to look over his latest despatches, and dicovered that Macco was missing from that part of the map where he had placed the black-headed pins.

An American correspondent who called to greatest confusion. Evidently Macco had got through where he had falled to put enough red pins. Two or three days later Macco was discovered some thirty miles to the east of the greatest confusion. Evidently Macco had got through where he had falled to put enough red pins. Two or three days later Macco was discovered some thirty miles to the east of the trocha. How did he get through the trocha? Spaniards naver ask questions they cannot an interest the control of the

they continue their precipitate flight that they left the Spanish army way behind, and only the lurid glare of burning towns and plantations designated their whereabouts.

On the 14th of March Macco sacked and burned the city of Betabano, on the 15th he crossed the trocha, which had been abandoned, and on the 15th was laying sleec to Candelaria, in Finar del Rio. Again Weyler's bulletins announced a victory and Macco's flight, as he continued to burn and devastate the country about him.

And what did tommez do? He continued his march eastward into the province of Las Villas, where Gen. Pando had been awaiting the rebei hordes, "burning" with the desire to meet them. Gomez's army consisted of a few thousand men, the half of them poorly armed and a thousand with no arms at all. There was but one battle fought, and this was when two Spanish columns met near Esperaza, and each, supposing the other to be the command of Gomez, fought for twenty minutes before the mistake was discovered. This battle was cited as an example of Spanish valor' Pando, in a rage, rode into Santa Ciara and ordered the arrest of twenty odd Cubans, representatives of the bost families, and threw them into jail. Weyler ordered him to Havan;, and theace home to Spain.

Pando gave a farewell address to his army, in which he told them that they were the heroes who had climbed the frigid heights of the Andre, and had carried Spain's civilization and Christianity into the New World. Then he went to Havana and quarrelled with Weyler, and the Captain-General agreed to a truce, allowing Pando to resume his command and then ask for a leave of absence. Weyler published another chapter of his history: Maximo Genez was dead, and Antonio Macco was outrapped on the other side of the trocha, Welche leaver to Havana and quarrelled with Weyler, and the Captain-General agreed to a truce, allowing Fando to resume his communication; that there was a continuous ditch nine feet deep and as many feet wide; than the whole thing was lit up a night by electricity; and

bage loaded with a dynamite bomb, which, by some cunning arrangement, was going to explode at the parsing of the robels.

I approached this wonderful trocha with fear and trembling. The train drew up to the station at Ariemisa, and I crawled into a rickety carriage, its top tumbling all over the seat, and whispered to the driver to go to a hotel. It was hot and dusty, and everything was covered with red earth. The houses were red, the horses were red, and even the soldiers were red, the horses were red, and even the soldiers were red; and there were a lot of them, too. They lay in the streets, their camp fires burned in the streets, and they sweltered in the streets. I was given a room with six beds in it, and no room for anything but the beds, it protested that I could use but one of the beds, but mine host said there would probably be other wary travellers by nightfall, who would be glad to occu, y the others. Thus I made my entry into Artemisa, and got my first glimpse of the trocha. I was very shy all the afternoon, as I kept a careful watch for the man with the green tusels, for I knew him\_to be my worst persecutor in my whole Cuban campaign. I did not attempt to go anywhere until the next morning, when I sailled out, and of course got arrested. But my arrest, as usual, turned out to my good fortune, for I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Col. Candido Hernandez y Valasco. Of all the Spanish officers with whom I came in contact. I liked!Col. Hernandez beet. He was a man who was well read and knew the history of his own country. He could discars Irving and Prescott, and thou that that Spain should erect a monument to Prescott at least. I used to call on the Colonel nearly every afternoon, and we would spend hours enloying each other's conversation and company. He was a soldier, pariotic, and hours enloying each other's conversation and company. He was a soldier, pariotic, and hours enloying each other's conversation of Colonel, while such assassing as Meiguizo. Vicuna and others had riese to th

to their activity in exterminating the Cubans, as their ancestors had exterminated the aborigines.

I was nominally under arrest in Artemiss, when Mr. Akers of the London Times turned up with an order from Gen. Weyler granting him permission to inspect the trocha—a privilege which Weyler had refused other correspondents. But upon his arrival in Artemisa he was surarised to learn that there was an American correspondent there before him, and that that American carried no other cass than his american passport.

On the 15th of May I left Artemisa for Havana, with my packets full of photographs of Weyler's trochs. On that morning there were stories affect of an attack on Candelaria, and as I was writing a letter, I told of the sritiliery dashing by, the marching of infantry, and the distant boom of canaon. And what was it all about? A column had gone out from Artemisa. Near a place called Las Mansas a native guide pointed out to the commanding officer a manigua is wooded spot), where he said the insurgents camped. Then the artillery was ordered up and planted on a small ridge, and a fire was opened upon the innocent manigua. A negro living near the place and hasring the racket dashed out of his house, and of course was shot. A bastle was reported—insurrent lesses one. Spanish lesses pone.

As I had not finished my work in Pinar del

Rio, I returned to Ariemiss, via Guanaiay, Upon my arrival in Guanaiay, I found that I had tumbled into a very dangerous locality and was liable to be arrested again. I remained only over night, and the next day engaged a carriage to take me along the trocha to Artenisa. Of course, I knew I ought to have a base from the Government, but in view of the imposibility of obtaining one, I wasted no time in that direction. I simply invited a chance argaintance, who was going to Artemiss and had procured a pass, to sit by my side in the carriage which I engaged. He appeared flattered and pleased, accepted my invitation, and I placed him next the carriage door. The driver whipped up his horses, darbed down the street and out at the entrance of the town, where I saw a guardia ciril preparing to stop us. My companion began fishing for his pass, and I threw myself back among the tapestry coverings and flapping curtains of the rickety old vehicle. I watched the guard from the corner of my nearly closed cyclids as he fumbled with my friend pass. As the guard handed the pass back he looked in at me as though he was in doubt whether to disturb me or not, but my friend out his mind at ease by holding up two fingers. Esignifying, I suppose, that the one pass covered two. So our jehn was allowed to drive on, and I breathed a sign of relief. Then I inspected the upper end of Weyler's famous trocha. I wondered why Weyler hadn't established a similar cordon around the whole island. He could then have declared that he had all of the insurgents entrapped in the island, and that they couldn't get away. The road was a splendid one. I suppose that is what Mr. Akers meant when he said in his letter to the Times that 'for the purpose for which it was constructed it was an excellent plee of work.'' The road was being kept very clean, soldiers sweeping it constantly with bundles of bushes. As for fortifications, I didn't see anything that resembled any. In some places there was a great amount of barbed wire wasted. In other places log fences

my friend would hand out his pass, hold up his two fingers, get his pass back, and we would drive on.

I was again in Artenisa. Scarcely a night passed but insurgent bullets were whistling over our heads, and the Mausers of the Spaniards were barking fack and sending their charges among the leaves of the palm trees. One night there was a forlous waste of powder and ball. The insurgents pretended to attack the town from the south. Their bullets rained into the plaza, lodged in the church walls, and even zarded away a Spaniard's toe. Gen. Arolas swore by an extra number of saints that he would hold the plaza or die in the attempt. His artillers boomed upon the midnight air, as his infantrymen lay behind the breastworks, and Macco's commission of a dozen men marched quietly across the trocha to the north on their way to confer with Maximo Gomez. And this is what Weyler called in his history great consternation in the insurgent ranks.

JOHN JAMES'S DYNAMIC GHOST. A Spook that Drives Watchmen Away From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

In the bottoms of the Tombigbee River, a few niles above its confluence with the Alabama, is deep, lagoon-like lake, locally known as David's Lake. On the western shore of the lake are a shingle mill and a row of a half dozen shantles, intended as houses for the mill hands, all the property of the Seaboard Lumber Company, at Fairford, a few miles away.

The mill has been idle for some time and the

shantles untenanted, owing to a depression in the market for cypress chingles. It has been necessary, however, in order to preserve the validity of certain insurance policies, to keep a watchman constantly in charge there. Up to a short time ago the watchman was a certain crippled negro named John James.

John James's job was a negro's ideal of a soft lob. All the work he had to do was to light a iantern in the mill at dark, blow it out in the norning, and never under any circumstances to leave the mill unguarded. The company paid him \$20 a month, furnished a dwelling, a mule, and a plough, together with just as much land as he might want to cultivate. The lake was full of fish, toothsome and easy to catch.

Therefore, John James was much envied by his fellows. But on an unlucky evening about sundown he paddled his boat out in the lake to set some lines for big cattish. His wife saw him start, and when she looked again a little later there was an upturned boat, but no John James, gathering gloom they dragged the bottom with grappling from and brought to the surface the drowned body of the watchman. How he happened to lose his balance, or why he made no outery, will in all probability never be known. Of course, the company over at Fairford regretted the affair, paid the widow John's back

salary, at once sent down another negro as vatchman, and things seemed to move along watchman, and things seemed to move along about as before.

In a few days a company official chanced to go to David's Lake, and was surprised to find the new watchman gone, and also the company's mule. The animal was found later at a station over on the railroad, where the operator stated it had been ridden in early one morning by an agitated nerro, who had left on the first train. This thing mystified the company, and was vexatious, because if the mill should burn in the absence of a watchman no insurance could be collected, and unguarded buildings have an unfortunate way of catching after in that country,

verations, because if the mill should burn in the absence of a watchman no insurance could be collected, and unguarded buildings have an unfortunate way of catching after in that country. Another negro was at once sent down to the lake as watchman, and informed that if he wanted at any time to quit his job to give notice, so there would be to interregnum. No, 2 went to David's Lake, and next the news came that he, too, was missing. Neith r he nor his predecessor ever called for salary due them, nor has any trace of either ever been found.

At this, the powers that ruled the company held a serious conference. Something was searing the negroes away, and it must be put an end to. So William Follatch, one of the company's most reliable negroes, was sent to the shingle mill with a six shooter, which he was instructed to use should anything bother him.

William returned the very next morning. He was the worst scared negro in the state of Alabama. He told a confused story, that no one could make head or tail of, about ghosts and John James. There was no confusion in his statement that no money could ever induce him to go back again.

Meanwhile stories began to float around to the effect that John James's ghost was naunting the mill and lake. Of course, the company officials scorned such an idea, but for all its absurdity there was a serious side to the matter. If the place ever gained the reputation of being hannted no negro would work there and the mill would have to be torn down, as negro labor is the only kind available or possible to be procured. The company determined to lay the ghost at once and forever, and to that end sent down a party well equipped with all proper material for xoreism. The party was composed of Tom Smith and Henry McTush, white men of known bravery and coolness; also two negroes, whom the presence of the whites might induce to stand firm in the presence of danger. All whiskey.

They reached the mill at David's Lake in the afternoon, taking passession of the shanty next

whom the presence of the whites might induce to stand firm in the presence of danger. All were armed and carried a supply of food and whiskey.

They reached the mill at David's Lake in the afternoon, taking possession of the shanty next to and almost adjoining the one formerly occupited by John James. After supper, when the dark came, they iit a lantern and all sat out on the little gallery of their quarters. There they goespied, told tales, and drank whiskey until they were in a proper mood to defy the natural or ithe suppernatural. After the supply of tales had run out they took to shooting craps down on the floor.

It must have been near midnight.

One of the negroes was praying energetically to all the powers controlling fortune that he might throw a nine-spot, and thereby win the means to buy his gai new shoes, when suddenly the door of John James's shanty opened and shut violently. The players looked up at once, a plece of a moon over in the far west wave a dim light. One of the hegroes exclaimed:

"Lamb o' God, looky yondah!"

From out of the shadow in front of the James shanty came the form of a man, waking as though lame and carrying along pole. Both the negroes at once broke for the woods. Smith and McTush stood their ground like the nervy men they were. The shade neither looked to right nor left, but hobbled straight on across an open space and toward the lake, where several skiffs were moored. As though with one impulse and movement Smith and McTush file fired at the thing, but with no more apparent result than if they had shot at the stars. There was only the plunge of their builets heard out in the lake.

"Spook or no spook, I'm goin' to run that feller down," said Smith, and as he started McTush followed him.

They saw the ghost loosen one of the skiffs and paddle out into the lake. Its motion had seemed to be a slow walk, and yet, running hards as they could, they did not catch up with the long pole down into the water. The pursuers drew nearer and nearer, until there was harely a loat length be

the skiff.

It was daylight when they revived. They had footed apot), where ed. Then the artiliplanted on a small displanted on a small displanted on a small of upon the innocent near the place and sout of his house, battle was reported aish lesses none.

The was daylight when they revived. They had footed at least two miles below the mill. They were so weak and nervous, so numbed and dezed, that they had barely strength to paddle to shore, nor has either one fully recovered to this day.

Now, for any one who doubts these things, or who is curious about them, here are the lake and the mill, and the Seaboard Company anxious to assist investigation. Also, the position of watchman is open. Who wants it?

JANET AND HIS INSECTS. A FRENOR NATURALIST STUDIES THEIR WAYS.

His Colonies of Ante Live in Artificial Rills, Make Sounds that Can Be Meard, Carry a Comb, and Be Queer Things. From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Within a few years a Frenchman, Chartes lanet, a mechanical engineer of Beauvals, has been conducting an exceedingly interesting series of experiments with ants and allied insects. His earlier papers, half a dozen years ago, concerned themselves with the fossils of the north of France, but all of his recent work has been in the observation of ants, bees, and wasps. One of the earlier of his conclusions was that the ants could emit sounds audible to the human ear, and he spent much time in investigations of the anatomy of the insects and the means whereby they could produce these sounds. It became very evident to him that for proper study some form of artificial nest must he contrived, and to this end he exercised his inventive genius. It is true that Huber and Lubbock contrived homes for the auts which they observed, but these were adult ants, while Janet proposed to unearth other secrets with reference to the home life of the little creatures and the rearing of their families. They thrive best under conditions of partial darkness at least, and great humidity, and these were the requisites of the successful nests. To accomplish his purpose Janet made nests of plaster or terra cotts. They were open on the top, on which a slip of glass was placed for purposes of observation, and at one end of the series of chambers was placed a little receptacle for water, hollowed out of the plaster tself. The seeping of the water through the porous plaster caused the nearer cells to be quite damp, with others less and less humid as the distance from the water increased.

In homes of this kind Janet fed and tended his ants, gathering all the while the important details of their life story. Of course, much of this is technical in its nature, but withal there is a great deal of popular interest. For example, it is to be noted that the insects made themselve quite at home in the plaster-of-Paris houses, and were loath to leave them. This was shown rather remarkably by an accident. Some one happened one day to displace one of the glass slips and when the aperture was noticed as many as a hundred of the ants had escaped and were distributed over the table. To prevent the loss of others of them he replaced the slip, and thought no more of the matter. A couple of days later he found the stray ants at home in another nest the cover of which had been displaced by the same original accident. The invaders had taker possession of the outer chamber in their new home, and had driven the rightful possessor back into the inner compartments.

home, and had driven the rightful possessors back into the inner compartments.

Four or five months ago Janet was requested to present a paper at the annual reunion of the Zoological Society of France, and for this occasion he selected for his subject "The Anta," giving the best résumé of our knowledge of these creatures that has been published in any language. The paper is well worth translation complete, but a few of the facts which are set forth in it must suffice for the present.

Like insects in general, the ant has four forms, the egg, the worm or caterpillar, the pupa, and the perfect insect. Emerging from the egg, the sole object of the worm is to est, and without changing form to any grest extent it steadily and rapidly grows to its full size. Then it spins for itself a web of silk, forming a cocoon within which it imprisons itself. This habit of spinning silk is not, however, universal, for some of the larve become pupas without this ornamentation, and both kinds may be observed in the same colonies. This is in all probability due to the extreme care which surrounds the raising of the infant ants, which renders less necessary the protective device of the occoon, and from this hypothesis Janet draws some conclusions about evolution, which in this instance seems to proceed not gradually, but in the individuals meat suddenly. The encoon does not become thinner or smaller in consequence of its uselessness, but disappears. The pupa takes no nourishment, and does not increase in size, but at the end of a stated period the perfect insect emerges in a wonderfully changed condition.

In the three ailied families, the ants, the been called queens and the workers. Janet takes exceptions to the term "queen." for it implies a hierarchy that does not exist. He prefers to call them "mothers," for their purpose is to assure the perpetuation of the colony. In their larval stage they are all precisely alike, both mothers and workers, and to any one of them is open the chance to become a mother ant. It all depends upon

to the individual after a certain moment of its existence has passed.

The queen bee never works, for she is surrounded from the moment of her selection by a crowd of workers whose business it is to look after her. All the worker wasps, however, die in the autumn, and the mother wasp must pass the winter in seclusion, waking in the early spring to attend to the duties of cetablishing a home. Day by day and week by week she labors on, until at last the earliest developed workers come to give her a well-merited season of rest. The anta however, have still a different custom. During the middle of the summer they all remain quietly together in the parental home, the old mothers, the young males, they all remain quiety together in the paren-tal home, the old mothers, the young males, and the young queens, until some fine day the younger ones go away together. A few hours later the males may be found on the ground silled by the unpitying workers, while some of the queens return to their natal nest to increase the aiready large number of mothers. Others of them do not return, but find places of refuge wherever they can basing the winter as do the waste, and setting up their own homes in the spring and attending to all duties until the workers are produced to take this labor from them. The lot of the mother with an estab-lished colony is an easy one, and they exist even as long as ten years, cared for tenderly by the workers of the nest. This is, in brief, the story of the ant.

of the ant.

In his garden Janet has many colonies of anta, and by giving them nice roofs of stone or tile he has had the opportunity to lift this and study the habits of the creatures beneath it. The care of the young is one of the most striking features it that he has been able to observe. There is, it seems, a daily displacement of the sugs and young that is very curious. There are certain of the workers who make this their especial business, as Janet has ascertained by spotting the anta with paint. The purpose of the change is to give the eggs or occoons the very best chance possible for development. At night they are carried down into the lower galleries and chambers of the nest, so as to be sheltered from the chilly atmosphere of the night. In the morning, as soon as the temperature is sufficiently raised, they are brought up again into the higher galleries. As the day goes on and the conditions change and the heat becomes stronger or the atmosphere dryer, the precious burdens are carried about and deposition of the conditions change and the heat becomes stronger or the atmosphere dryer, the precious burdens are carried about and deposition that the surface of the facility with which the creatures and carry them away; and this facility betokens the cease of the facility with which the creatures and carry them away; and this facility betokens the cease of the carry in the surface of the carry in the preservation of the alousily important to the preservation of the alousily important to the preservation of the cloud; so all are cared for, and are moved about the property of the carrying on the dead, and the dir; they must attend to the engineering portion of the enterprise and excaption of the colony, and last of all the dead, and the dir; they must attend to the engineering portion of the colony, and, last of all, they must proked it grain at a time; then they must lock after the nourishment of the colony, and, last of all, they must proked it is grain at a time; then they must lock after the nourishment o

had removed. A short time later he selected a few young and attractive queens of another species and liberated them near the stone. A few weeks later he found that a third species had dislodged the first and was living under their atone. But the next year, at a distance of a dozen feet from the stone, he found a colony of the first kind, and with them a queen of the species that he had liberated. Although the anis of the first species are rare in his garden, still Janet is not quite satisfied that the selection or a queen of another species was not a purely natural thenomenon, although circumstances point to its being really one of his liberated queens. The broken link in the evidence disturbs him, and he states the facts without drawing inferences.

FOUND A BIG CAVE IN MAINE Said to Be the Most Extensive Cavern in the Northeast.

From the Boston Herald. That a mammoth cave was discovered in Maine and partially explored last January ! quite generally known, though little beyond the pare fact of the discovery and exploration has been made public. Mr. F. O. Gould supering tendent of the City Hospital in Old Town, went on an exploring expedition through the lumber. ing region in the extreme northern part of Maine, and was for a short time in camp on the shore, or near the shore, of Allegash Lake, some fifty miles or more north of Moosehead Lake. and not so very far from the north end of Champlain Lake. Allegash Lake is accessible only by tote roads from Cheanneook Lake up to Chamberlain, thence by crossing to the westward through the woods to Tom Lawler's camps on the lake shore.

Mr. Gould was at Lawler's lower camp when he heard that a lumberman had discovered a cavern of considerable magnitude some distance beyond Lawler's most northern camp, and being purious about the matter he decided upon investigating the story for himself. The result of his investigation was told to the writer, who soon after went to the lumbering regions in search of adventure, but could not then visit the wonderful cave. It seems that in the early part of last January

It seems that in the early part of last January a workman who was stooping at Lawler's camp, while tramping on the shore near the north-western corner of Allegash Lake, three-fourths of a mile or so from the camp, discovered a hole in the side of the hill which had never before been heard of. The discovery came about in rather a remarkable manner, and a hundred men might have gone as near to the opening as this man tild and never have noticed it. This workman, however, noticed the peculiar appearance of the bushes about it, and investigated, finding the hole. The bushes looked as though steam or hot air had been thrown upon them and then frozen. The man peered into the hole, and was so startled when he could not see the end of it that he fied in fright. He told the story, but was not believed until the following Sunday, when fitteen men went to investigate and found it just as he had said. The fifteen men, however, did not dare to enter the hole. The excitement over the affair had not died out in the camp when Gould came along and expressed the determination to enter the hole and find out what was inside. After considerable effort he succeeded in inducing three men, steve Buzzell of Old Town, one of the Lawlers, and a man named Howe, to go with him, though all were thoroughly convinced that Gould did not have the courage to enter the cave. In this, however, they proved very much mistaken, for he went about the task at once unon their arrival at the opening.

owned by François Molemaccher. The stones were turned by horse power. The loft is recorded to have been designed for this use when the inili was built. The services were conducted during two years by two "Krank-bezoeckers," visitors of the slek and catechiets, officers of the Established Church of the Netheriands. In the absence of an ordained minister these officers, Sebastian Jansen Krol and Jan Huyck, read to the people "some texts out of the Scriptures, together with the creeds." In 1628 the Rev. Jonas Michaelius came to the "siand of Manhatas," and in the same year regularly organized a church of "fully fifty communicants" in the loft of this same horsemill. The church then and there organized is the most ancient fully organized Protestant church on this continent. It is now known as the Collegiate Reformed Church of this city.

These milistones were discovered by Mr. Albion M. Dyer, who wrote about them in the Outlook April '21, 1894. Two were presented to the congregation of the synagogue above mentioned. Fourteen still its flush with the pavement of the courty and at the location mentioned. They are extremely interesting relics of the early time. They are about thirty inches in diameter and about nine luches thick. Each stone is composed of two or three or four sections, strongly hooped with an iron hand.

Collegiate Church, Sept. 10, 1896.

**CARPET** T. M. STEWART 326 7th Av., SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ENGLISH TROUBLES IN THE EAST.

Embarracement Growing Out of Inc. Lord Salisbury must be regretting in bitterness of heart that the Government of the day did not accept the propositions for the dismemberment of Turkey that were made just prior to the Crimean war by the Emperor Nicholas to Sir Hamilton Seymour, then British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. It would have been a matter of comparatively easy accomplishment at the time, and would have spared Europe the legacy of anxiety now surrounding the ultimate solution of the Eastern problem. The cherished dream of the British Foreign Office for long years, until it was dispelled by the discover; that there were European powers that would veto it, even if the Porte were willing to grant the oncession, namely, the construction of the Euphrates Valley railway, would nave long

since been an accomplished fact. From

some point on the Syrian coast there would

have been a rallway with its furthermost ter-

minus at Calcutta, and the British flag would

have waved over the territory stretching from

the Lebanon to the Indus. But prudence or

policy prevailed, and a war that only re-

tarded without preventing the disintegra-

tion of Turkey ensued. There were none of the powers concerned in the Berlin Congress toward which the Sultan Abdul Hamid developed a stronger feeling of animosity than England. Tols was partly due to the failure of support during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, which support, there is no reason to doubt, was promised him by Sir Henry Layard, the British Ambassador at Constantinople at the crisis of the campaign. Then there was the series of intrigues regarding Egypt that ended in the bombardment of Alexandria and occupation of Calro in 1882. The encouragement, more or less overt, given to the Arabs of the Hed jaz and other parts of Arabia to revolt against the Sultan touched him in a specially tender point, for with the uninterrupted maintenance of his sovereignty over the holy places of Islam, Mecca and Medina is asso clated his tenure of the Khalifate. The circumstances connected with the Brit

The contract of based in some state of the contract of the con ish acquisition of Cyprus, wrung from him in the moment of agony and practically under false pretences, were also gall and bitterness for him. It is hardly surprising that, after

Silver and Gold Opinions.

To the Forces of The Sex-Sir: If the Adminis-tration should now dismins Col. Bell from the place of beputy Commissioner of Pensions it would be adopt-ing the unwise policy of the silver men themselves. ing the unwise policy of the suver men themselves.

Col. Bell, in company with Gen. Frans Sigel, stumped New York for Cleveland's resiection. Again, in 1892, he stumped inclians for Cleveland; yet the Harrison Administration never dismissed him, but retained him throughout.

In Cleveland's first term, Teller and Bowen defeated

my confirmation as Superintendent of the Mist at Denver, because of my opinions on silver. It were far better to choose men whose opinions are up to standard in the first place than to choose men whose views are not, and then persecute them for their opinions. for their opinions.

It is, or was, an accepted policy in Colorado to de

country.

stroy the business, if possible, of every gold standard man. It makes me wonder why we call this a free POSEY S. WILSON.

M'KINLEY FLAGS ABOUND.

BOUND-MONEY EMBLEMS IN GREAT

Only One Large Popperativ linner Way. ing Amid a Multitude of Starry Dec-larations of Devotion to National Credit and Honor-Handreds of Small Banners, To a foreigner wandering casually about this city it would almost appear that there was to be no contest in the coming election of a President of the United States. On all sides he would see the flags and banners of but one pair of candi-dates, McKinley and Hobart, and but for one big Bryan banner hung out over the street in front of the mongrel headquarters in the Ear. tholdi he would hardly know that there was a Popocratio ticket in the field. In some of the side streets and far up town there are a few scattered flags flaunting the names of Brian and Sewall, but all through the districts where New York business is being done sound money

shows its Stars and Stripes everywhere. Never before has there been a campaign of such enthusiastic display. The banner and dag dealers have done a rushing business, and the city presents a festal appearance. It was a very natural mistake that a Frenchman, who is stopping for a few days at one of the up-town house made on the day he got here. Some acquaint. ances of his discovered him standing on a Broad way corner looking anxiously up and down the street, a performance which he varied by o casionally walking out in the middle of the road and peering into the distance. To their in quiries as to what he was doing he replied:

'I wait for ze parrade: ze prozession. "What procession?" asked one of the New Yorkers. "I haven't heard of any procession." The Frenchman waved his hands comprehensively, indicating half a dozen banners that waved in the breeze within a space of two blocks.

"You decorate, you celebrate," he observed, 'I wait for ze parrade. Ees cetanot your Day of Independence?" With much discust, not runningled with

doubt, he learned that the banners were permanencies and not put there for any special celebration. All Broadway is a sort of continuous celebration of patriotism just at present, however. Riding up yesterday from Duane to Twenty-third street and looking right and left along the side streets, a SUN reporter counted

here; that he had expended all the money he had or could afford in coming here; that perhaps he had ex-pended all his means on his defence, and that he was returned simply by the mistake or malice of some offi-cial of his native country. Under these circumstances I should like to ask, What remedy has he got, if any, against the Government asking for or the Govern-ment granting the extradition? It is clear that there is none against the latter. It is said that there is no princing of international lives. principle of international law that can be invoked to send him back and none to compel compensation be-ing granted. It is true, however, that "while the rules by which nations have agreed to regulate their conduct safer se, are alone records. conduct safer se, are alone properly to be considered international law, those do not necessarily exhaust the ethical duties of States one to another any more indeed than municipal law exhausts the ethical duties of man to man "(Westleke)

indeed than municipal law exhausts the ethical duties of man to man "(Westlake).

The removal from the United States is in pursuance of law and treaty. The extradition is granted merely for the trial of the accused, but here the trials said and makes no provision for the benefit of the accused after he has shown himself innocent of the charges made against him. A syrannical or cruel government, like that of the country from which illustrate has in the absence of some stipulation, too much oppositualty for oppression.

Journal L Rassa.